

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

ROCKY LANE

WESTERN

A GEMSTONE PUBLICATION

10¢

Featuring His Stallion JACK JACK

No. 60



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



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MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

Rocky Lane?

in
"THE CASE OF THE GREEN MASK!"

When Grand the Hunter and mysterious Green Mask? That's what secret marshal, Rocky Lane aims to discover! But when he finally manages to push aside the real mask, he finds something he didn't expect—something horrifying and heart-breaking — Oooh!

CHANDLER PUBLICATION

IN THE WOODS NEAR BLOW CRICK ...

WE DON'T KNOW YUH! WHY DID YOU SEND ALL OF US NOTES AND ASK US TO MEET YUH HERE?

I'VE BEEN WATCHING YUH HARBORS. I KNOW YORE THE KING OF CUTTING AND WANT MONEY AND WANT PARTICULAR ABOUT HOW YUH GET IT!

WHAT ABOUT IT?

WELL, I'VE GOT A SHIP-FULL, PLUS ALL WORKED OUT THAT I'LL GET ALL OF US PLINY OF THAT GREEN FOLDING STUFF! IT CAN'T FAIL!

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AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH AT THE BANK...

NOT A SINGLE CLUE! LOOKS LIKE AN INSIDE JOB TO ME!

THEY CAN'T BE! MY ONLY ASSISTANT, MR. HARRISON, WAS WITH ME ALL EVENING! AND AS FAR AS THE GUARD IS CONCERNED, HE WAS BIDDY RUST! AND ANYWAY, HE DOESN'T KNOW THE COMBINATION TO THE SAFE!

IF WE RUM OUT THE "INSIDE JOB" THERE'S A COUPLE OF NIGHTY TIGHT PROBLEMS TO ANSWER! HOW DID THE BANDITS GET IN THE BANK WITHOUT BREAKING IN AND HOW DID THEY GET IN THE SAFE WITHOUT BLASTING IT OPEN?

POHON, HE SAID!

I SUGGEST THAT YOU OFFER A REWARD FOR ANY INFORMATION! HE CAN'T DO MUCH WITHOUT A SINGLE LEAD AND THAT MIGHT TURN UP SOMETHING!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! I'LL CHASE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

GROFF! MARSHAL! I THINK I'VE STUMBLED ON-TO THE BANK BANDITS!

WHAT?

HIDDEN?



I FEEL A LITTLE SHEEPISH ABOUT THIS, BUT I KNOW I HAVE TO TELL YOU! YUN SEE, LAST NIGHT I FELT KIND OF WARM AND WENT TO SLOW CREEK IN THE WILDS TO TAKE A SWIM!

BUT THAT'S WHERE THE KIDS GO!



I KNOW! WELL ANYWAY, AS I WAS IN THE CREEK I HEARD SEVERAL HORSEBOES DRING UP! I HID IN THE CRIP SHADOWS AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND! I WAS FASHAWED SOMEONE MIGHT SEE ME IN THE YOUNG "THE SHINNING HOLE!"



WELL, THOSE CUTTERS STARTED TO TALK AND I HEARD THEM SAY "THEY WERE WAITING THAT SUNDAY NIGHT AT NIGHT" AND THEY HOPED THE NEXT JOB WOULD GO OFF AS EASY AS THE ONE AT THE BANK!

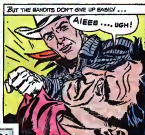
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN THE BANDITS!



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AS SOON AS WE FIND OUT FOR SURE THAT THESE ARE THE BANK BANDITS, YOU MAY AS WELL GO HOME NOW AND GET INTO SOME DRY CLOTHES, HARRISON I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU IN THE MORNING!



OKAY!

ENTER IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

ALL RIGHT, Y'AN ORNERY COYOTES! WEARS THE MONEY Y'AN STOLE FROM THE BANK! AND DON'T TRY TO PUT ON THE INNOCENT ACT! WE'VE GOT Y'AN DEAD TO RIGHTS! Y'AN WERE HEARD TALKING ABOUT IT AT THE CREEK A FEW NIGHTS AGO!

IF YOU TALK, YOU'LL MAKE THINGS BADDER FOR YOUR BELIEFS!



LOOK! IT'S ONLY THAT GUY HARRISON, MORE AGAINST OUR THING! HE NEVER FORGOT ANY BANK!

IN THAT CASE, I DON'T BRONCH YOU'LL OBJECT TO OUR SEARCHING YOUR ROOM!



THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, ROODY! AND UNTIL WE GET BACK, HE'S GOING TO TOSSE Y'AN ALL BEHIND BARS FOR FURTHER QUESTIONING!



THE SEARCH OF THE TROTS ROOMS PROVES SUCCESSFUL!

INNOCENT EH? WE FOUND ALMOST HALF THE STOLEN BANK MONEY IN YOUR ROOMS!

WE SHOULD HAVE HID IT IN THE HILLS FOR A SPELL!

IT'S TOO LATE TO THINK OF THAT NOW!



Y'AN MAY AS WELL TALK! YOU'RE GOING TO SIT IN JAIL ANYWAY! WEARS THE REST OF THE MONEY?

THE OTHER HONORS WAS IT-----THE COYOTE WHO UNRAISED THE WHOLE JOB AND GOT US TO FULL IT PER HIM!



WHO IS HE?

THE DON'T KNOW!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

A SHAWNT SETS UP A BANK ROBBERY FOR YOU AND YEH SAY YEH SOWT KNOW WHO HE IS!

IT'S TRUE! HE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!

HE WORE A GREEN MASK BOTH TIMES HE SAW HIM! FIRST, HE GAVE US THE SAME COMBINATION AND THE SECOND TIME HE SPLIT THE PAUL WITH HIM!

LISTEN, YEH LYING BICKARDS! THERE PROBABLY WASNT ANYONE ELSE IN ON THE JOB. NOW WHERE DID YEH AIDE THE REST OF THE LOOT?

WANT A SECOND SHERIFF?

THESE THREE BANGBROS AIGHT SHART ENOUGH TO HAVE PULLED OFF A SMOOTH JOB LIKE THE BANK ROBBERY. I THINK THEYRE TELLING THE TRUTH THAT SOMEONE ELSE ARRANGED IT ALL! AND SINCE THERE'S NO LOONEY AMONG SANDIES, THEY'D SURELY SQUALL IF THEY KNEW WHO HE WAS!



THEN WE'RE STUCK! LOOKING FOR AN OUP-LAY WHO COULD FIVE MORE A GREEN MASK, WOULD BE LIKE LOOKING FOR THE NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!

BUT WE'RE GOT TO FIND HIM! HE'S GOT THE OTHER TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS THAT WAS STOLEN!

EVEN THE LAW CAN'T DO THE IMPOSSIBLE! REASON THOUGH YED BETTER SEE THAT HARMON GETS HIS REWARD MONEY! IT'S NOT HIS FAULT HALF THE LOOT IS STILL MISSING!

YES, BUT HOLD ON! DOING ANYTHING ABOUT THAT FOR A DAY OR TWO I'Z HAVE A HUNCH I WANT TO FOLLOW UP!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

I JUST DROPPED IN TO TELL YOU THAT AS SOON AS THE

SHERIFF MAKES FORMAL CHARGES AGAINST THOSE BANGBROS AND ARRANGES FOR A TRIAL, HE'LL TELL MR. THORNTON TO GIVE YOU THE REWARD. IT WILL TAKE A DAY OR TWO!

THAT'S O.K., ROCKY! THANKS A LOT!

TELLER

I THINK I KNOW WHO THAT MYSTERIOUS GUY WAS WITH THE GREEN MASK IS I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN PROVE IT RIGHT NOW BY GOING TO HIS BOARDING HOUSE!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Summary AFTER...

IF MY MUNCH IS CORRECT, I
SHOULD FIND THAT GREEN MASK.
AND THE OTHER TWENTY-FIVE
THOUSAND DOLLARS RIGHT
HERE IN THIS ROOM!

**BUT AFTER ROOY SEARCHES EVERY POSSIBLE HIDE-
OUT IN THE ROOM...**

THEY'RE NOT HERE!
I SLAM AND CRASH!
BUT...

---I STILL FEEL HE'S THE CUTTER. HE
COULD HAVE STACHED THE BANK AND
MONEY AWAY IN SOME DIFFER-
ENT SCOT. BUT

WHERE? I HAVEN'T
THE FAINTEST IDEA
WHERE TO START
LOOKING. WHAT^{THE} I
HAVE AN IDEA I'LL
LEAVE A NOTE FOR
HIM! IF HE'S THE
GUILTY MAMMICK,
IT AIN'T TRAP!

LASTING
THAT
DAY,
WITH
THE
OCCUPANT
OF THAT
ROOM
REMOVED.

WASN'T THERE A NOTE ON THE
TABLE I I WONDER WHO COULD
HAVE LEFT IT FOR ME?

(GULP.) SOMEONE'S WISE TO ME!
NO BETTER DO WHAT HE SAYS. I
DON'T WANT TO END UP IN PRISON.

I know you're the
dumb one in the green
mask and that you hate the
other party for it called
democrats! and takes from
the bank! oh you want
show up at Illinois Court
with it tonight at twelve
and speak to me.
I'll go off the shield
and you'll go to jail!

FAST NIGHT... IT'S MIDNIGHT NOW! ALL SOON FIND OUT IF MY KITCHEN WAS RIGHT! WHAT—I HEAR SOMEBODY SAYING I AM THE WORST OF THE...

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





BROTHERS



THE sheriff walked into the bunkhouse without knocking.

"Howdy, boys," he said.

An assortment of grunts and greetings came from the card players at the round table, friendly, but not demonstrative. The hands at the Dash W ranch liked the sheriff well enough, but they were concentrating on their game.

"I'm not aiming to bust up the game," continued the sheriff, "but I want to palaver with Andy a minute. Would you step outside with me, Andy?"

"What's Andy been up to, sheriff? Scallin' horses off a merry-go-round again?" asked one of the boys.

The others chuckled at this rather crude wit. It seemed especially funny to them because they all knew Andy. Andy was a thoroughly honest hombre who wouldn't steal even a chunk of mud.

"Deal me out," said Andy, and then, "What's up, sheriff?"

"It's private like," responded the lawman, waiting beside the door for Andy to precede him.

When they had stepped outside into the dark, the sheriff said, "Let's wander a few steps away from the bunkhouse, Andy. I don't want our confab to fuddle anybody in there that happens to be holding ace."

They were well away from the glow of yellow light cast through the bunkhouse window by the oil lamp when the sheriff jabbed his revolver square in Andy's back and said, "It's a gun, Andy. Take it easy and don't try anything foolish."

Andy stood, motionless, but asked, "What's the idea, sheriff?"

"I'm taking your gun, Andy," replied the lawman, slipping Andy's big six-shooter from its holster.

"What's the charge, sheriff?"

"No charge," was the response. "So far as I know you've never been guilty of breaking the law and you're not guilty now. I just took

your gun to keep you from doing anything foolish."

"Like what?" asked Andy. Neither man had raised his voice. They might have been standing in the dark outside the bunkhouse discussing the weather, if tone of voice meant anything. Yet there seemed to be electricity in the air.

"I've been living for more than 30 years," declared the sheriff, "and one of the reasons I've lived so long is that I've been studying human nature. I can read a lot in a man's face, in his actions, in his words. I know a lot about you, Andy. You're brave, honest and strong. You're not easily riled. But there's one thing that'll really get your dander up. That's if anybody says anything against your brother, Bud."

"Bud! What's happened to Bud?" For the first time there was tension in Andy's voice.

"Nothing's happened to him yet," was the sheriff's answer. "But I intend to make something happen to him. You won't like what I've got to say and you'll likely be fighting mad and ready to kill me for it, but I've got to say it."

"Go on."

"Your brother, Bud, is a murderer."

Andy turned, slowly, and faced the sheriff. There was a tense moment before he spoke. His hands clasped and unclasped at his side.

"You did right, sheriff," he said, at last. "You did right to take my gun away from me. You did right to talk this thing up first, without coming right out with it. I sure might've done something foolish to you for saying a thing like that. It's not so. Whoever said so is a liar. Bud is a wild colt, sure enough, but he's not a murderer."

"I know how you feel, Andy." The sheriff's tone was soft, soothing almost. "But two witnesses saw him. Swear they saw him shoot down the cashier in cold blood."

"THEY SAID" asserted Andy, fiercely.

"Now you've always been on the side of law and order, Andy," continued the sheriff.

"We can't find your brother; haven't been able to so far, leastwise. Of course, there's a posse out looking for him. A regular posse and a bunch of vigilantes that are liable to shoot first and ask questions afterwards. But I figured we could find him quicker if you'd lead us to him. You, being on the side of law and order, wouldn't want even your brother to get away, being that he's a murderer. So I came to ask for your help."

"Help!" asserted Andy. "You want me to help put a noose around my own brother's neck? And me knowing he's not a murderer? Yes, I'll help. Here's how I'll help you, Sheriff!"

Ignoring the sheriff's drawn gun he jumped past the lawman, ducked behind a shed, then sped to his horse. He mounted, and was off in the night, off to seek out his young brother, Bud, "a wild colt, sure enough."

The sheriff held his fire. "Can't shoot him. He didn't do anything," he told himself. "And he sure got the jump on me. No use to chase him now." He mounted his horse, and rode back to town.

THEN he described his mission and its results to Bart Wander, the town boss.

"Sheriff, you were a fool!" thundered Bart. "You'll lose your star for this. You said Andy would find his no-good brother, Bud, for us. And instead you let him slip you and take off. Well, now we'll have to catch them both and string them up. To my mind, this makes Andy just as guilty as Bud is."

"Just as guilty," agreed the sheriff.

"Well, I'm glad you agree," said Bart. "Maybe you could redeem yourself by catching them. Why aren't you riding with one of the posses?"

"Plenty of young men in the posses," said the sheriff. "Besides, I've got a job to do. I've got to see that nothing drastic happens to these two eyewitnesses."

It was a little later that he took the two witnesses into "protective custody." He had them in his office in the jail building. They were two furtive men, uneasy.

"Wouldn't want anything to happen to you boys," said the sheriff. "You're important witnesses. You're the only two that can testify against Bud. If you were both to die, sudden like, where would we be?"

"Die?" One of the men repeated the word, half-checking on it.

"Well," said the sheriff, "there's Bud's brother, Andy. Andy is an honest man, but mighty nasty when riled. He doesn't think Bud is guilty. And if Bud got hung, and Andy found out he really wasn't guilty, well, I'd sure hate to think what he'd do to the witnesses. You know Andy?"

The two men were silent, breathing hard. Then one blurted, "Sheriff, you gotta protect us!"

"Well, I'll try," said the lawman. "But you know Andy. Stone walls can't stop him when he's determined. Why, I had a gun on him and he was unarmed, but he got away just the same. He . . ."

"No, no," blurted the other witness. "Not from Andy. You protect us from Bart Wander. Because we're gonna tell you the truth. Bart killed that cashier. He had a row with him and he did it. We saw him. But he bribed us and scared us. He knew Bud had been around town and he said if we blamed it on Bud, a posse would get him and then there'd be no more fun about it. He said everybody knows Bud is a wild colt and they wouldn't put it past him to shoot the cashier. But Bart really did it."

The other witness nodded assent.

"You boys did right to tell the truth," the sheriff asserted. "Bart won't hurt you. He'll hang."

THE sheriff sat on the edge of a bunk in the Dash W bunkhouse. Across from him were Andy and Bud, side by side.

"I'm sorry I had to give you the slip, sheriff," said Andy, "but if the same thing happened I'd do it again."

"I know you would," said the sheriff. "I figured you would. I'm a keen judge of human nature. I figured also that you'd ride out and tell Bud to lie low so that trigger-happy gang of vigilantes wouldn't plug him or string him up. But being a lawman I couldn't come right out and tell you to warn him; not with two witnesses swearing he was a murderer and me with only my judgment of human nature to tell me he wasn't. So I just did the best thing I could under the circumstances."

"Sheriff, you are a prime judge of human nature," declared Andy, warmly.

"Andy, you sure are a prime handy brother to have!" declared the sheriff. Bud was silent. He tried to speak, but there was a lump in his throat.

THE END

ROPIN' AND RIDIN'

WITH

ALLAN *Rocky* LANE
and
BLACK JACK



M. PARSONS -----

BLACK JACK AND I WERE OVER IN PONDORFOWN LAST WEEK, SHOPPING FOR TITLES AND HAVING A QUICK LOOK-SEE AT CITY HAYS.

A HUGE BROAD-SHOULDERED, BARELY-ORIENTED MAN...MUSCLE MANIPULATED BETTER THAN SEA AND A HALF FEET TALL...HAS HOLDING COURT IN FRONT OF THE GENERAL STORE, WHILE A HERD OF CONNOISSEES STOOD IN A CIRCLE AROUND HIM. HIS RABBITOUS LAUGHTER BOOMED OUT LIKE CANYON CANYON FIRE SEVERAL TIMES AND, CURIOUS, BLACK JACK AND I AMBLED OVER.

STANDING NEXT TO THE GIANT WAS A LITTLE PYGMYMAN OF A MAN. I COULD SEE AT A GLANCE, THAT THE CROWD WAS AWAKING ITSELF AT THE IMPERCE OF THAT POOR UNDERSTANDING FELLER. FOR A MINUTE OR SO I WATCHED QUIETLY, WHILE THE HUMILIATING EXHIBITION WENT ON. FINALLY, AWARE THAT THE FESTIVITY WAS RUSSING A NICE TRIP, THE BIG WAGON REACHED OVER AND YANKED HIS VICTIMS BEAT-UP OLD STETSON DOWN OVER HIS BONY FACE.

IN THE NEXT INSTANT, BEFORE I COULD SWING OUT OF MY SADDLE, THAT SCRAWNY MAN LUNGED LIKE A RAGING TIGER...HIS FISTS MOVED WITH SUCH STARTLING SPEED AND ACCURACY THAT I DON'T BELIEVE MR. GIANT KNEW QUITE WHAT HIT HIM! WITH A BELLOW OF PAIN AND BEMUDDERMENT, THE HUGE RANBY MADE TRACKS...PHEW!

ALL OF WHICH DOES TO PROVE THE OLD SAYING ABOUT NOT BEING ABLE TO TELL A BOOK BY ITS COVER...OR A MAN BY THE HEIGHT HE STANDS ABOVE THE GROUND!

BLACK JACK AND I HAVE TO RAMBLE ALONG NOW. GOOD ROPING AND RIDING 'TIL WE GET TOGETHER AGAIN NEXT ISSUE.

YOUR SPAN,

Allan *Rocky* Lane
AND BLACK JACK

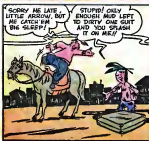




ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





One day, Secret Marshal **ROCKY LANE** is riding through the mountains on his way to Pickwick Valley when, shot out of nowhere, a bullet pierces his sombrero!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT! NOW KEEP OUT OF RANGE, BLACK JACK—

—WHILE I AM TO FIND OUT WHO'S TRYING TO KILL ME

GULP! HE SHOT THE RIFLE RIGHT OUTTA HIS HANDS! THAT COULDN'T BE ONE OF THE KARSON CLAN! NONE OF THEM CAN SHOOT THAT WELL!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

DON'T SHOOT!
I MADE A MISTAKE!
I TOOK YOU FOR ONE OF THEM THAR KARSONS!



MAYBE SO... BUT WHY SHOULD YOU WANT TO SHOOT A MAN JUST BECAUSE HIS NAME IS KARSON?

WELL, IT'S THIS WAY, STRANGER! WE KARSONS AND THE SONSNETS HAVE BEEN FEUDING FOR YEARS AND NATURALLY EVERY TIME I SEE ONE OF THEM THAR KARSONS, I TRY TUN PICK HIM OFF!



I DON'T AGREE WITH YOU ON THE WORD NATURALLY! I'M LOOKING YOU UP FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER! O'KAY! I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO YOUR SHERIFF!

SOON AFTER, IN TOWN...
[GULP!] I'VE GOT A CUSTOMER FOR YOU, SHERIFF!



SEE, YOU'VE TURNED WHITE AS A GHOST! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, SHERIFF?



THE SONSNET-KARSON FEUD HAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE-SIDED, WITH THE SONSNETS DOING THE KILLING! IF THE SONSNETS ARE OUT HUNTING THE KARSONS SOON, I'M AFRAID PICKWICK VALLEY'S IN FOR A LOT OF TROUBLE!

THE KARSONS HIRED THE LOCAL GIFTY HOUSE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN FOR A FRANKY REUNION THIS AFTERNOON! AND WITH THEM ALL TOGETHER UNDER ONE ROOF, IT'D MAKE A PERFECT TIME FOR THE SONSNETS TUN STRIKE!



I RECKON WE OUGHT TO HURRY OVER TO THE OVERA HOUSE AS SOON AS YOU LOOK THIS GATTER UP!

MEANWHILE, AT THE PICKWICK VALLEY OVERA HOUSE...



AS THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE KARSON CLAN, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TUN WELCOME YOU ALL THE OUR REUNION!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT...



[GULP!] IT'S THE SONSNETS... AND WE CHECKED ALL OUR SHOOTING IRONS AT THE DOOR!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



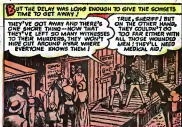
BUT AS THE GUN-HAPPY SOWSETS TRY TO WIRE OUT THE KARSONS, ROCKY LANE ARRIVES WITH THE SHERIFF!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

FASTER, AT DR. WHITE'S OFFICE IN ONE OF THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS.....

ROCKY LANE / WHAT BRINGS YUH OUT THIS WAY?
I'M WORKING ON A CASE OVER IN PICKWICK VALLEY. THERE'RE A FEW QUESTIONS I'D LIKE TO ASK THE DOCTOR, SHERIFF!



I'M AFRAID THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! SOME CRITTER BROKE IN HYAR AND STOLE HALF THE MEDICINES AND KIDNAPPED THE DOCTOR! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE SINCE THE MEDICINES CAN BE BOUGHT CHEAPY AND THE DOCTOR IS TOO POOR YUH FRY A PRISONER!



UNLESS THE CROCK WAS A MEMBER OF A GANG THAT HAD A LOT OF WOUNDED MEN WHO NEEDED MEDICAL TREATMENT! AND THAT'S WHO I'M LOOKING FOR!



YEH CAN COUNT ON MY HELP, ROCKY, BUT THIS IS A MIGHTY BIG TOWN SURROUNDED BY LOTS OF HILLS! IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH FINDING ANYONE HIDING OUT HONK!
MAYBE, SHERIFF, BUT IF THEY'RE HIDING AROUND HERE, THEY'LL NEED FOOD AND THE ONLY PLACE THEY CAN GET ANY IS HERE IN TOWN! NOW ABOUT INTRODUCING ME TO THE OWNER OF THE GENERAL RIGHT?



I N PETE ROCKWELL'S GENERAL STORE.....

SO YUH WANT TO PRETEND TO BE ONE OF MY CLEERKS? WEL, IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME, ROCKY!
THANKS, PETE, NOW, SINCE I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT ALL THE SCHMUTZ, I WANT YOH TO POINT OUT ANY STRANGER WHO COMES IN FOR A BIG ORDER!



TWO DAYS LATER.....

I RECKON THIS IDEA WAS A WASHOUT! I'VE SPENT TWO DAYS HERE AND NOT A STRANGER HAS COME IN TO STACK UP ON SOME GRUB!



BY A CUSTOMER COMES IN THEN, AND AFTER HIS ORDER IS FILLED.....

MAYBE THAT'S THE CRITTER Y'VEE LOOKING FER, ROCKY! HE'S A STRANGER AND HE'S JUST BOUGHT A LOT OF GRUB! ENOUGH TUN FEED AT LEAST FIFTEEN HOMBRES!
MAYBE MY IDEA WASN'T SO WISED AFTER ALL!



THAT MUST BE THE ONE I'M LOOKING FOR... IN THAT WAGON!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE--A SECRET MARSHAL! BUT NO MORE QUESTIONS NOW! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE ANYONE NOTICES US LEAVING SO I CAN RETURN WITH THE POLICE AND CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY RUN AWAY AGAIN!

GOOD! THEY FORCED ME TO PATCH UP THESE WOUNDED MEN AND THEN MADE A PRISONER OF ME! THE FASTER I GET OUT OF HERE, THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT!

BUT IN HIS ANXIETY TO LEAVE, THE DOCTOR DOESN'T NOTICE A NEARBY STOOL, AND.....



THE WOUNDED MAN'S SCREAMS AROUSE EVERYONE IN CAMP.....



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ROCKY LANE ALSO APPEARS
in

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